PROCESSIONADE:

11630. e. 16
2

In Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comi-Baladical

VERSICLES.

Ecce iterum CRISPINUS! Juv.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.
Porcupinus Pelagius.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster Row.* 1745.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author being much oblig'd to the Town for the favourable Reception his little Performances have met with, thinks it incumbent upon him, as ſome late Attempts of the like Kind have been unfairly imputed to him, to declare, that he has publiſh'd nothing ſince the TRIUMVIRADE. *He has Reaſon to complain of having been uncandidly dealt with, in the Publication of a former* Piece, *even yet more ſucceſsful than the laſt, with which a Gentleman was pleas'd to make more than a little too free; not only in publiſhing it without the Author's Privity, but in making ſuch Amputations as greatly interfer'd with the main Deſign; a great many Lines have been alter'd, and, as the Author conceives, not for the beſt: And not only that, but even ſome Characters were entirely omitted, and others unkindly inverted. It ſhall ſuffice, for the preſent, to mention only the firſt and laſt Characters in that* Piece,

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PROCESSIONADE.

THERE are few unacquainted with th' *old Palace-Hall*,
Tho' happy are thoſe who know't not at all;
Where four ancient Rook'ries, inveſted with Pow'r,
All the Gold in the Nation and Silver devour.
Sing Tantarara, Rogues all, &c.

Twelve Reverend Brethren, diſtinct by their Gowns,
Their Furs, and their Ermin, and Square Copple Crowns,
From among them, ſelected, preſide o'er the reſt,
And, tho' it's oft otherwiſe, ſhou'd be the beſt.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Superior to theſe is another great Rook,
Call'd Lord *Paramount*, very learn'd in his Book,
Perch'd up on a Spray at the Will of their Kings,
From the reſt well diſtinguiſh'd by Gold on his Wings.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Rooks all aſſembl'd, like Sages of Law,
God ſhield every honeſt good Man from its Paw,
To oppoſe a Banditti of plundering Elves,
As the ſole Right of plund'ring they claim to themſelves.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

To the *Eagle*, may Heaven e'er grant him Succeſs,
They clubb'd out a notable loyal Addreſs,
Made a Tender, moſt ſolemn, of Lives and of Purſe,
Tho' they meant no more by't than a *Motion of Courſe*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And to tell you the Truth, for you know 'tis but civil,
To give e'en his Due to their Patron the D——l;
Th' Addreſs was well penn'd, as to Language and Matter,
Pelagius himſelf could have ſcarce done a better.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Save, with humble Submiſſion to modern Addreſſes,
He means from his Heart what his Language expreſſes,
Whereas this Parade was no more than to prove,
The mighty Importance their C———r was of.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

From thence to the C——t, they went all in a Row,
In the Spoils of their Country, a terrible Show!
Had all Folks their own, what a Flight had been there
Of mere Fable Crows, all unfeather'd and bare?
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Paramount led the Van, all betufted with Gold,
Which, rejoicing, he oft turn'd his Eyes to behold,
The Steed in the Team more delighted ne'er ſwells,
While he leads in the Traces bejingl'd with Bells.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

If no P—l—ti—n, to fence 'gainſt the *French*,
Yet as able a Chief as e'er perch'd on the Bench;
His Hands, ſome aſſert, are as clean as his Face,
The reſt you will hear when he's out of his Place.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The *Eagle* the loyal Addreſs well receiv'd,
But aſtoniſh'd to ſee what could ſcarce be believ'd;
Much pity'd his Subjects, ſo num'rous a Band
Of Birds, with ſuch Talons, ſhould prey o'er the Land.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Twelve into Fours, drew up equal and certain,
The Chief like a Dove, and the next like a *Martin*;
A free *Denizen* That, all preferr'd for their Worth,
And a bold †*Anti-Codex*, long dormant, the Fourth.
† Sr Mich. Foſter
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Quo' the *Eagle*, who's that with his honeſt old Face,
His Wings, like your Lordſhip's, beſpangl'd with Lace?
And who ſhould it be but the Law in its Wane,
Expreſs'd in his Honour of *Chancery-Lane*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

However, a Rook of Politeneſs and Taſte,
His Officers too, as to Gains very chaſte,
Obligingly careful, no proud ſilly Novice,
Like a *Paramour* Coxcomb in Common-Law Office.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And here, reſum'd he, is the Law in his Strength,
Expreſs'd in the other Chief Juſtice's Length; Wills.
I find he treads cloſe on your Heels for the Mace,
And waits, like a Cat o'er a Chink, for your Place.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

For This and for That, and for moſt Things he's fit,
For the Bench he has Law, for the Court he has Wit,
For the Camp can aſſume a bold †Coll'nel-like Air,
And has wond'rous good *natural Parts* for the Fair. L.d Ch. J. Wills.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

† It was ſaid he

Then

Then preſenting his worthy Aſſociates all Three,
An *Has-been* This here, That a *Never-will-be*;
But from *Grumbler* and *Conſul*, and *State-Pamphleteer*,
The Third is turn'd out in his Law pretty clear.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Tom Rook with his Phiz ſomewhat learnedly ſour,
Was aſham'd, with his Three Harlequins, to make Four.
Their Coats were bechequer'd, juſt like their Decrees,
Right and Wrong is the ſame as to Wages and Fees.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

'Tis whiſper'd, however, this Reverend Dozen,
For the Good of the Realm ſo judiciouſly choſen,
So gravely array'd in their Copples and Geers,
Complain'd of their Salaries long in Arrears.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Next theſe introduc'd, was the *Prime* 'mong the Coif,
Who *blaz'd in the Face* like ſome Saracen Wife,
Fam'd firſt for betraying in Public his Truſt,
And then over-reaching Sir *Bob* for a Poſt.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

His Brethren all rang'd in a Line on each Side,
Out of Countenance much for their Premier Guide,
Be-perr'wig'd all o'er in heroic Array,
Like ſo many *Quins* or *Delanes* in a Play.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Tho' 'twas formerly ſaid, that the Coif was the Stage,
Like an Hoſpital modern, for caſt-off old Age;
Yet that now the whole Order are Conj'rers we ſee,
And can tell us the Event of a Cauſe by a Fee.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then

Then Lord *Paramount*, ſingling little Sir *Dud*,
Said, tho' for his Poſt he was proper and good,
Yet if he roſe higher he'd ſink in the Scene,
And his Figure and Aſpect are rather too mean.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Sr. Dudley Nidr.
Ld Ch. J. of the
C. of K's B.

And here is *Sir Knight*, who ſtands firſt at the Bar,
Look round o'er the Rook'ries you'll find not his Par,
Deſpiſing Preferment, he quitted his Poſt,
To ſhew by his Succeſſor what we have loſt.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

This new-fangl'd *Scot*, who was brought up at Home,
In the very ſame School as his Brother at *Rome*,
Kneel'd, conſcious, as tho' his old Comrades might urge,
He had formerly drank to the *King* before *George*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Ill betide thoſe that prais'd, premature, in the South,
As a Genius this Muſhroom of North-Country Growth:
Who from flaſhing a little at firſt pretty ſmart,
Now expires with a Sound and a Stink like a F——t.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

And this is my *African* Fav'rite *Tom Cl^ar^ke*,
Tho' dirty complexion'd, yet keen as a Shark,
His affected Grimace, and his Geſture and Shrug,
Denote him a Kind of a Male *Molly Mogg*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

That's little *Brunetto*, ſo dapper and ſtiff,
A faithful Relator of all in his Brief;
If unheated by Fees he too languidly pleads,
And tho' often ſpeaks well, yet too facil recedes.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

The Middle-Bar Gentry paſs'd Muſter along,
But the *Eagle* perceiving, the *Fritlings* among,
A ruſty, audacious, broad, bell-mettle Front,
Enquir'd who it was of my Lord *Paramount*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Why hur is a *King*, who, Cot-ſplut all her Nails,
Was a Kind of a Mountebank Doctor in *Wales*,
But tir'd of inſpecting old Women's Cloſe-ſtools,
Hur now 'mong the Rook'ries at *Weſtminſter* prowls.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Then higgledy-piggledy forward they preſt,
T'evince how they all did Rebellion deteſt:
With his Sword, in an Inſtant, his Majeſty ſmites,
No leſs, o'er the Shoulders, than Six Simple Knights.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Neglected poor Honour! derided by Wits,
Now courted alone by the Rooks and the Cits,
And eke by ſome *Weſtminſter* Juſtice of Peace,
As witneſs the Three on the former Addreſs.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Well pleas'd all our Rooks in Proceſſion return'd,
Eſpecially thoſe with new Honours adorn'd;
Next *Sunday* they went in a Row to the Church,
And among all *my Ladies*, my good *Lady B[illegible]ch*.
Sing Tantarara, &c.

Reciprocal Curt'ſies bobb'd low to the Ground,
Fans rattl'd, and Compliments chatter'd around;
Well pleas'd they adjuſted th' Importance of Place,
And then ſhow'd away all in Order and Claſs.
11:7:49 *Sing Tantarara*, &c.

FINIS.